



A toddlers adventure



12 0 1

Chapter 1 by _Gray

My smile may be the square root of happiness, it may reflect the life one should live. A goal, a destination point with a clear path on how to reach there, and a plan B to take full control of a hindering situation. A calculative trajectory on where you want to be in a certain amount of years. But it doesn't. It hides my flaws. My failures, my deepest most terrifying fear, fear itself. Fear of the answers to my questions.

My journey to 29 was memorable. It is. I was grown by a woman with the philosophy that I would become a self-sustain individual, by locking me off from the world. It almost worked, but nature took its course and the beast she was trying to submerge eventually found its way to the surface, to me.

At the age of four my friendship had a time span each day. Nursery school started at eight every day, well at least Monday to Friday. And it would finish at twelve. Two years I spent there and for that time my school periods would be the life span of my friends every day. As a child you learn to get comfortable to any situation, because you are a child and in Guyana at that time you had no choice. I was comfortable cause each day I would anxiously awake my body to start the morning chores so I could begin by friendship hours. My mom grew to love me more. She perceived that I was in love with getting to school each day and on time. Her train of thoughts

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Fridays were definitely the worst day in the week. Course the man that made Friday the last day to go to school in the week. But that didn't stop me from enjoying it even more. Actually we would celebrate Fridays. We would asked Ms. Mortal to go to urinate one after the other, giving her enough time to briefly forgot about Collis, and Adrian I would normally be the last one to leave. No sellers in the school yard and no guard present while school was in session, I think Uncle Cyril would take that time to go in the bushes not too far from my school to light a fire. But he was very skillful, there would never be any fire blazing or any biting sound of wood burning, only small amount of smoke rising from between the bushes. Ms. Mortal would had love it if our class could had been like Uncle Cyril fire.

Sometimes we would compare our self with Ms. Mortal, saying how smarter we were, at times we would just sit under school out of sight until we were missed. Second year in Nursery school, I think Ms. Mortal knew us too well. If any one of us asked to go to the toilet she would allow all three of us to be excused but in the company of Ms. Roswell, the mean Doctor. She would accompany us and stand outside until all three of us had our turn then it was back to class.

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